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WORD OF LIFE

You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind and with all your strength.

(Mark 12:30)

NOVEMBER, 1979

Perhaps these demanding and all-embracing words are so far from the reality of your life that you think they are directed to people of a particular vocation such as those who feel called to dedicate themselves totally to God.

But this is not true.

These words are to be found at the beginning of the Law which God gave to the entire Jewish people. Jesus used them in order to answer a scribe — an expert in matters of the Law — who asked him which is the first and greatest commandment.

They are words, then, that apply to everyone without distinction, and, therefore, to you, too.

"You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind and with all your strength" (Mark 12: 30).

In using the word "heart," Jesus did not mean what we commonly understand by that word today. He used it in the biblical sense, whereby it expresses the deepest reality of the human person.

To "love God with all one's heart" then, means to direct one's whole being and behavior toward God in an outpouring of love.

The expression "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart" would therefore have been sufficient. But in order to make it even clearer, the Gospel adds "with all your soul," which implies one's life; "with all your mind," which includes one's thoughts and intelligence; and, finally, "with all your strength," which encompasses all of one's energies. The purpose of these words is not so much to focus on the different human faculties, as to insist on the only thing which is important: to love God with all one's heart; that is, with one's whole being.

"You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind and with all your strength."

In the Bible, love for God is never considered a mere feeling, or an abstract reality. Rather, to love God means to listen to the Lord and to put into practice his words, which are an invitation to serve him and one's neighbors.

Thus, in answering the scribe, Jesus goes on to say that the second commandment is love of neighbor. In these two all the other commandments are summarized.

Love for God, then, does not separate us from the world, nor does it isolate us in personal devotion. On the contrary, it is the enduring source and stimulus which prompts us to love everyone without exception. Thus it is the only thing which guarantees the creation of a society wherein every human being will be truly respected. For since God is the Father of us all, and we are brothers and sisters, he himself is the foundation of human equality and of each person's human dignity.

Take this foundation away, and humanity becomes racist; in one way or another the human personality is trampled underfoot; hatred and divisions arise between superiors and subordinates, rich and poor, whites and blacks, men and women and so on.

"You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind and with all your strength."

With *all* one's heart, *all* one's soul, *all* one's mind, *all* one's strength. . .

Such love seems to exclude all others. But if you love God, you will love your relatives, too, because God wants you to. If you love God, you will love your friends and colleagues because they are the neighbors that he has put next to you. If you love God, you will love your profession, your work, because it is the way prepared for you by his love. If you love God, you will love your studies because you will want to prepare yourself for that plan which God has for

your life; if you love God, you will love sports or diversions because you know that God wants you to take care of your health.

Only if you love in this way, will your heart be undivided and your love wholehearted.

"You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind and with all your strength."

If God must be loved with all of one's heart, he should have first place in your life.

Does he?

Is God at the center of your thoughts?

Is God your reason for living?

Is God in the deepest part of your being?

Is God the source of your consolation?

Is God your most intimate friend?

"You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind and with all your strength."

Those who love God give witness to this love, and it can be easily seen in their lives.

Such was the experience of Heidi, a Swiss college student, hitchhiking through Europe, whose travels led her to Assisi, to a gathering of Christians.

Of her own family life, she could remember nothing but incomprehension, arguments, and insults. Once, in exasperation, she had even struck her mother. Her only refuge had been hiding in her room, or running away.

The quiet inner voice which would sometimes invite her to pray had been quickly suffocated by the rebellious spirit and atheistic ideas that she was assimilating. Finally, she had completely rejected God.

She had plunged herself into "enjoying life," using her friends. She had tried drugs, but they had not helped to fill the emptiness in her life.

And now, in Assisi, she had come across these people who seemed to be so different. She asked herself why the expressions on their faces were so beautiful and harmonious, what could be the source of that sense of peace she felt pervading her. Then she discovered their secret: they loved God, they had chosen him as the center of their lives.

Heidi felt the mercy of God enveloping her and giving her new hope: yes, it was possible even for her to love God. And now she was willing to risk everything for him.

Since then everything has changed, beginning with her relationship with her family. For the first time in nineteen years, she wrote her family a letter of reconciliation because she understood that love for God required her to do so.

As for her friends, she has decided to love each one with a new and pure heart, for God.

And so these words are now a reality in her life:

"You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind and with all your strength."

Chiara Lubich

EXPERIENCES

Each month a "Word of Life" appears in Living City or in its Supplement. The following are experiences that some of our readers shared with us in living the word of life.

BEST OF ALL . . .

One morning a few weeks ago, I was rushing to make the nine o'clock mass when the telephone rang. It was my neighbor. She had been drinking again and she wanted to talk. This was a common practice. I told her that I had five minutes to get to mass and that I would see her in the afternoon when I came home from work.

During the day I became more and more upset thinking that this lady might have had an urgent problem and I had not listened. When I returned home, I went immediately to her house, but nobody answered the doorbell. I was frantic. I called her every hour until I finally reached her later that night. She was abrupt as she told me she had been fine but busy. I sensed the hurt in her voice and I was disturbed.

I remembered the word of life, "Seek first his kingship over you, his way of holiness, and all these things will be given you besides" (Mt. 6:33). The next day I thought of her and waited. I was waiting to get the courage to go and look for her. When I asked my son if he had seen her or if she had come by, I was so relieved and happy when he said that she had been by, but that he had told her I was asleep. I almost got angry with him for not calling me, but I remembered that he did not know how anxious I was about her.

On Thursday my friend came by and said that it was her birthday. She added also that she wasn't drinking any more. But she looked awful and so alone. She's a widow of ten years with three children to rear and many problems. I consulted with my husband and decided to give her a card and the five dollars I had kept for carfare as a birthday gift. The next day she came over and asked me to visit her. She was so happy to show me the duster that she had just purchased. She said that I was the only one who had remembered her birthday.

We were so proud and happy. She looked really good in it. Best of all, when time permits, she now attends nine o'clock mass every morning and lives the word of life with us.

I. M.

FIRMNESS WITH LOVE

I work with multiple-handicapped children on weekends. These children don't have one handicap but a combination of handicaps which include deafness, blindness, autism, cerebral palsy, and various degenerative diseases. Every word of life can be lived when working with these children but this one for this month is particularly important. I work with a ten-year-old boy who is severely mentally retarded and has autistic tendencies; these are the apparent physical handicaps. He is a child who would rather be left alone to sit in a rocking chair but if I let him; it would then take days to get him where he would acknowledge, even to a small extent, the world outside himself.

One afternoon shift I came in and I could tell he had been sitting in the rocking chair all morning. I knew my work was cut out for me. I took him from the rocking chair and sat with him on the floor. This boy does not verbally communicate but communicates his dislike by biting. So the biting started.

When in a position like this you feel like hitting the child because it hurts but he's communicating so I talked to him. I don't feel he understood my exact words but the feeling or emotions behind the words, which had to be firmness with a lot of love. We worked on walking, an activity which he doesn't like but needs desperately. Every so often he bit or tried to bite but by "patient endurance" we continued. At the end of the evening he was sitting on the floor next to me. He reached over and put his arm around my neck and pulled himself onto my lap. He was acknowledging someone in the outside world — a reward for me. The patient endurance that led up to this reward was over a span of six months. I have learned so much from this child and the other children. From this one experience I learned that in life only by patient endurance, and I emphasize patient, can we reach the kingdom of God.

F. J.

PROFILES

Too simple to be understood

This year marks the hundredth anniversary of the death of Bernadette Soubirous, who had lived the extraordinary adventure of the apparitions of Lourdes. She had said, "I wouldn't know how to live even a moment without loving."

by GIANNETTO CASOLI

"After-I am dead they will say, 'She saw the Holy Virgin. She is a saint.' Meanwhile, I shall be roasting in purgatory!"

When people flattered Bernadette unduly about her mysterious adventure, she would answer them in this downright and disconcerting, clear-sighted way, typical of mountain people.

From the very beginning of it all, when the words of "the beautiful lady" were being passed from person to person — "I do not promise to make you happy in this world, but the next" — a popular, but somewhat indiscrete and superstitious devotion to Bernadette arose among a certain section of the community. They considered the young girl of Lourdes a rarity who had already reached paradise. "No," she would say, "only if I do good."

Bernadette rejected the probings of the curious and suffered the onslaughts of the incredulous. She knew the anxieties of the police about keeping public order would be unfounded if only people would allow her to visit her lady alone. "By wanting to decorate the whole thing with flowers" she used to say, "you end up with something completely unnatural."

In the conflict between eager enthusiastic supporters and a resolutely hostile opposition, the spirit of the words which had been spoken in the grotto beside the raging torrent of the Gave, was lost. The words were meant for all men, and were engraved on and absorbed by the heart of Bernadette forever. "Penitence . . . penitence . . . penitence" and "Pray to God for sinners."

There arose an undisciplined desire to know the whys and wherefores, accompanied by an excitement which prevented understanding, or a disguised sarcasm which betrayed fear and disorientation. Neither of these approaches discovered the truth; but Bernadette, although an ignorant peasant, understood it well. "Do not go there (to the grotto) unless you have strong faith. It's necessary to have strong faith to go there." And so saying, she tried to prevent them from plundering the mystery as if it were a puzzle. It was as though she who had seen it openly was reaffirming its inviolable secrecy, was able to resist every scrutiny from men and was able to open herself only to the poverty of the little ones. "If the Holy Virgin has chosen me it is because I am the most ignorant of all. If she could have found another more ignorant she would have chosen her."

Her ignorance was indispensable in protecting her from the enthusiasm of her well meant friends, who, after the first apparition already knew more about it than she did. The beautiful lady was "certainly" our Lady! "I do not know," Bernadette responded. "she has not told me", and she called her "Aquero," "That thing over there" in her own dialect. "That over there?" her parents asked her anxiously, as did the parish priest and the local commissioner of police. Everyone wanted to know her name. But

Photo: New City

Bernadette Soubirous as a young girl.

"Aquero" did not say what her name was, in fact, she started laughing, recounted Bernadette calmly. The imperial procurator argued that the Soubirous, who were the poorest family in Lourdes, lodged in the cold and damp discarded prison, were certainly "very poor intermediaries for she who is considered the purest creature above all." But what could poor Bernadette do about it? Once she had even scattered some holy water to chase the apparition away in case it should be an appearance of the devil!

But now, urged on by everyone and still more by her own desire to know the lady's name, she saw her extend her hands which had been joined, open them towards her and rejoin them at her breast, and looking up to heaven say quietly, "Que soy era Immaculada Councepcion", "I am the Immaculate Conception." And in dialect? Bernadette took in the words but did not understand them, and repeating them in order not to forget them ran to the parish priest, who was already somewhat antagonistic towards her. But she pushed open the door and without going in called out to him "I am the Immaculate Conception", throwing him, poor man, into despair. She repeated what had been said to her neighbors and at the end she asked "But what do these words mean?" She really had no idea; news of the dogma defined four years before by Pius IX had not reached the Soubirous family.

"God and the Holy Virgin" commented an important man, "do not speak in dialect." "The Holy Virgin does not know dialect" explained a theologian. "She was a Jewess and spoke Hebrew." But Bernadette replied, "God is the author of all languages. Could he not have taught dialect to the Holy Virgin as well as to me?"

And then those words — "the Immaculate Conception"! Even the grammar was wrong! If she had said "I am the Immaculate One," fine! But expressed like this . . .

To understand the meaning it would have been necessary to look closely into Bernadette's eyes and compare those words with her own, "I am the most ignorant of all . . . " "I am the Immaculate Conception . . . "

Were they not two creatures, both utterly poor, who had given their all? It was as if our Lady had said, "I'm nothing, I am that which God made me" to a child who had echoed her, "I'm nothing . . . "

But there was too much excitement, too much argument. Sensational newspaper articles contradicting each other, and ever more colorful reports. People swarming for relics — and Bernadette, who always had the same story and who was glad to go and stay in a convent.

In the convent at Nevers she learned to serve the poor and abandoned, and she discovered that her health, never strong at the best of times, prevented her enjoying the solitude she longed for. As a Carmelite or a Trappist contemplative she would never have been able to follow the Rule without exemptions, and anyway "she was good at nothing."

It was out of charity that the Sisters of Nevers accepted her, although in reality they were very content to have her with them. They undertook her formation, at times in a hard manner and especially in regards to humility. They delved more deeply into the dangers of her self-love through her "privileged" position. Bernadette replied with an amused smile of amazement — from where could she have gotten self-love?

Not even after she had made the sacrifice of leaving Lourdes — the greatest sacrifice of her life — not even here where she had come to "hide herself" was she free from the procession of visitors, marveling or disappointed. "Oh, Bernadette — is that all she is like?"

Yes, that was all she was like! Even worse, because her health deteriorated day by day. Terrible asthma and violent gasps for breath brought her to death's doorstep — though she didn't die quickly and so frustrated those who were in a hurry to bring to a conclusion the miracle in glory. Each day gave her a greater understanding of spiritual things. "All this is for heaven." "We must know how to do everything for God." "If we had faith, we would see the good God in everything."

She was forbidden to speak of Lourdes, but the smallest references to it were enough to flare up the living memories of the beauty of those visions. "Oh, if only people knew!" "Oh, if only sinners knew!"

Between the far away enlightenment she had contemplated, and her burdensome, precarious present, Bernadette prepared herself for her departure from this visible world in which she alone had seen something of the invisible one. To enter that she would now need the simplest faith of all. Her own light would be extinguished and she had foreknowledge of it. "First I must undergo another death." "My passion will last right up to death." "At this moment I am still far away . . . I do not remember all those things anymore; I do not like to speak of them, because, oh my God, if I had been mistaken. . ."

She was not just referring to the asthma, or to the inactivity to which she had been reduced. "It is really a suffering not managing to breathe, but it is far worse being tortured by interior suffering. It is terrible."

What was happening? Perhaps the vision was going deeper into her — the spectacle of heaven was broadening her soul in the dark night of faith while she was passing through "the narrow door." It is

(continued on page 8)

45 MINUTES OF SUNSHINE

This interview has been taken from "Ciudad Nueva," the publication of the Focolare Movement in Argentina. Carlos and Martin, two young men who live and work in Buenos Aires, share here how their lunch break has become a full and interesting hour. Their words are transcribed and minimal editing has been done in order to keep the spontaneity of the conversation.

Carlos: It was the second time that Martin and I went to have a bite to eat in the park at noontime. We were taking advantage of a short break from work which gave us just enough time to cross the street and sit down in the shade for a while. We noticed an old lady sitting alone on a nearby bench. She was dirty and her clothes were tattered.

"I should help her," I said to myself. I left my food with my friend and began to walk toward the lady with ever-growing conviction. Then I noticed something unusual: since the sun was shining from behind me, I was walking on my own shadow, and it was as if I were treading on myself.

Martin: I had remained in the shade with our food. Time passed. When Carlos returned he said with a sureness that surprised me, "Let's go and eat with her." We went and sat beside her. She was really filthy and smelled terrible.

Carlos: She seemed to be a happy person. We shared our lunch with her because she had nothing at all to eat. In both jest and anger she reproached us for affectionately calling her "grandma". "All my friends call me Alba!" she said.

Martin: That day we felt so happy that we asked Jesus to see to it that we could always find those who were "the least."

Carlos: The next day we returned to the park and looked for the little old lady (excuse me, for Alba), but she was not to be found. Instead, an Uruguayan approached us, gesturing to us from afar. "Did you eat with that old lady yesterday?" he asked. "yes", we told him, and then he stayed with us.

Since there was no more room on the benches, all three of us went to eat at a nearby stand. A short time later, a lady with three young children came over and sat by us without saying a word. Then, referring to the day before, she began to tell us how nice it was that we had stayed with the old lady. "There are so many people here," she told us, "but no one else does anything like that."

She told us that the old lady usually slept on a bench but that she wasn't around anymore because she had been rushed off to the hospital. She had ulcerating sores on her legs which caused her great pain. We decided to go and visit her, but when we got to the hospital we could not find her. We finally discovered her curled up in a bed. We recognized her by the smell.

Upon seeing us, she lit up with pleasure. Then she started to cry. "What's the matter, Alba," we asked, "If you continue crying we'll never come back." At that, she stopped crying.

Now she is much better and she has gained some weight. However, she suffers from arteriosclerosis. The hospital is reluctant to discharge her because she would inevitably return to the park to live. She must be sixty years old, although she claims to be much younger. She has no relatives except for one who works in a cabaret. The old lady used to work there, too, until they threw her out.

Martin: Whenever I go to see her I have the distinct feeling that I come in contact with something "real", something that is precious.

"Who are you?" she asked me. "A fellow who sometimes goes to the park," I told her, but I wasn't sure that she recognized me. When I was about to leave I gave her a kiss, "Now I know who you are!" she then said, "how is your friend?"

She is a highly changeable person, quickly going from tears to laughter, from wanting to leave the hospital, to wanting to stay. But each time we go to visit her we become better friends. "When I receive my pension, you can administrate it for me," she has said. One time, as doctors and nurses passed, they saw us talking together. "Is she a relative of yours?" a doctor asked. "No," I told him. "Then why do you do it?" he asked. "Well, I try to live the Gospel," I answered. "Fine, fine," he said, and it seems that, since then,

there is a certain understanding among us.

Carlos: We continued going to the park, and since that first day, something special always happens to us. Perhaps because we are learning to see people in a different way. We feel a genuine preference for those who are "the least."

Some of them are quite young. There was one boy who had no father or mother. He roamed the area because he could not find anyone willing to hire him since, within a short time, he was to be drafted into the military. He was poor, and so he ate with us. "I was hungry and you gave me to eat," we thought.

Martin: He had a great heart. He spent all his time helping the children in the park, playing with them. On one occasion he even wanted to sell his watch in order to help out someone else. However, a "friend" soon after robbed him of it.

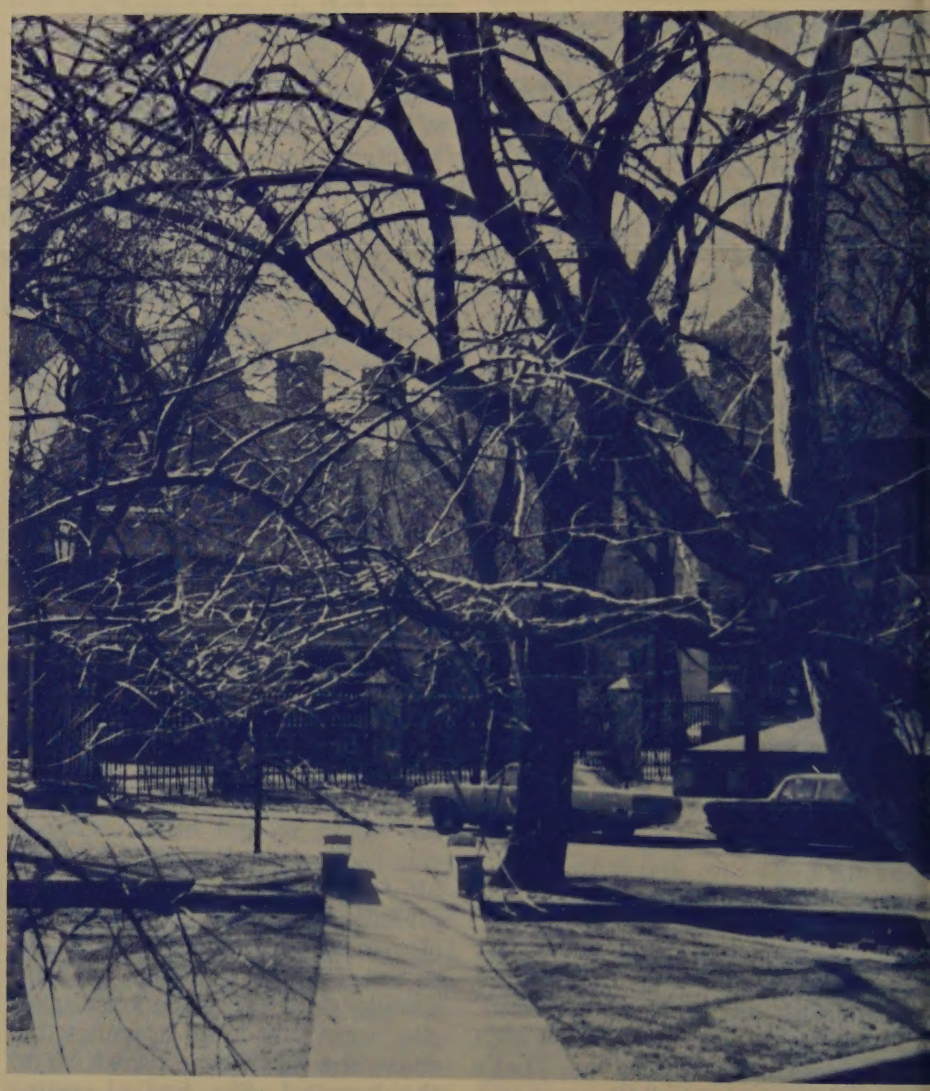
It is true that all of this has not been easy. At times, these people lie to us, trying to take advantage of our good faith, but they are also very sensitive to our love.

Carlos: One day I was riding through the center of the city in a bus. It was rush hour and I was lost in my own thoughts in the midst of the crowd. Raising my eyes, I caught sight of a poor man sitting in the street. I had never seen anyone so thin or so dirty, and he was right there in the center of the city.

I felt as though a voice within me was saying, "Wouldn't you do it for me?" I got off the bus at the first stop and turned back. "Can't you walk?" I asked him. He put his hand to his ear trying to indicate that he couldn't hear. Besides everything else, he was deaf. I bought him a sandwich and he asked me to get him some clothes. "But how can I meet him again?" I thought to myself. I wrote him a note on a piece of paper saying that I would wait for him the next day in the park at noontime.

The next day, he was there seated in the park. He was fifty-eight years old, he said, and then he ate with us. He wasn't able to walk, and he coughed continually. One day we found him thoroughly drunk.

"We continued going to the park and, since then, there's always someone special that we meet. Perhaps it is because we are learning to see in a new way and we feel a preference for those in need."



Martin: Since he couldn't hear us we communicated through notes telling him that we wanted to help him. "Tell us what you need the most," we wrote. He needed a place to live. This put us in a difficult position. Who would want to take in a man in his condition? But we didn't lose heart and Carlos and I decided to do our utmost to remain true to our promise.

The very next day, one of our friends in the park told us that there was a place nearby that gave temporary shelter to people like him. It was just what we were looking for.

We got in touch with the place and Robert (as our friend is called) was happy about the prospect. They came to pick him up, but when they saw the condition he was in, they changed their minds. We explained his plight, however,

and they accepted him. You can't imagine his joy. Since he couldn't walk, we went with him.

Carlos: When we arrived we told him that this would be his home. "Oh, but here you have to get up very early," he said. It was obvious that it was not the first time he was entering this place. We talked for a while and then we made him take a bath. He was undernourished and filthy. In addition, he urinated on himself. Later, we found out that he couldn't control himself because of an operation that he had undergone. Everything about him was pitiful.

He got angry when we washed his head, and complained that the water was too cold. Finally we managed to clean him up and were satisfied that he was now decent. We found him a suit and even a tie. He then looked at himself in the mirror, all dressed and groomed. He was a different person. He even joked about the appeal he would have to women. All three of us were happy.

When Martin and I left there, we went to Mass. We felt as though we were in paradise. It was as if Jesus within us were saying, "Don't abandon me." We went through the streets singing, almost dancing.

Robert is still staying at that institute. He is already walking better; he's gained weight and is much stronger but how much suffering there has been in his life!

As we come to know him better we feel that we love him even more. Now a neurologist friend of ours has taken an interest in him. We are trying to track down his children because he really wants to see them. Numerous times we have gone out for a walk with him and he is always happy. It is incredible how much a little attention can do to change a person. He is much more sociable now.

Martin: Robert is also an alcoholic. Some people would say that he is a helpless case. But we feel that we can't remain passive.

▫

Carlos: One day in the park we met Horace, who obviously had a drinking problem. We befriended him and sought out a friend of ours, Peter, who is a cured alcoholic, to see if he could help us. "No one can help an alcoholic more than another alcoholic," he told us. And he accepted.

One day, Peter, who is also a lawyer, came to the plaza and remained to eat with us. He seemed not to pay any particular attention to Horace and only at the last minute did they strike up a conversation. When Horace invited him to have a drink, he refused. "Listen," he told Horace, "I used to drink like you but I stopped thirty years ago . . . and some day I'm going to help you to do the same." Horace, who was half drunk didn't understand.

For the next few days, Horace insisted that he wanted to stop drinking but couldn't. In the end, he was picked up by the police. We heard of it and let Peter know; he went to see him. Horace couldn't believe it. "None of my friends show up and you, whom I met just the other day, come to see me!" he said. Peter offered him some cigarettes, told him not to drink, and said that he would get him released.

The following day they let him go and Horace reappeared in the park. "Peter is quite a guy!" he kept saying over and over. He agreed to get in touch with A.A. He is very ashamed of his problem. At first, he wouldn't shake hands with anyone, but we insisted on greeting him that way. After we shook hands for the first time he started crying and, hugging us, he called us "brothers".

Martin: After a few days, Peter came back and took Horace to A.A. It must have seemed strange to see this well-dressed gentleman walking arm in arm with a "bum", as if they were the best of friends. Meanwhile, we looked for a place for him to stay and then went to meet him after the meeting, so that we could eat together and walk him "home". Since then, he's fallen back into drinking, but we are not giving up.

▫

Carlos: The people who frequent the park are quite united among themselves and among them there is an unusual mixture of trust and envy. There is a certain complicity in their suffering. Many people help us, but not everyone does it on a regular basis.

Since my office is where I keep the things we receive, it has come to resemble a store, and my colleagues have nicknamed me "the bottle collector."

Now there are about fifteen people, young and old alike, who meet in the park. We realize that this is a job that takes time, however, each day we see results. Once we were eating and did not have very many sandwiches. Horace came by and asked us for one. I gave him mine. The next day everyone brought their own food. In addition, these people want to contribute in helping others who find themselves in their situation. They do it spontaneously and always more frequently.

Martin: One thing is certain. Since Carlos and I began this activity our lives have become much more beautiful.

Carlos: I regret that I only began to live like this a short time ago.

Martin: Now we need people who can lend us a hand, for example, by visiting three sick people in the hospital. We don't have the time to go and visit them all. We could work in teams. Even if we were few, then, we could accomplish more. Naturally, the most important thing is the love that goes into what we do.

▫

Ciudad Nueva: Excuse us for this simple question, but what do you do when it rains at noontime?

Carlos: We haven't thought about that yet . . . It's incredible, but the fact is, that it has never rained. Since we've begun to go to the park, our noontime breaks have been forty five minutes of sunshine. ●

necessary for the old man to die. Oh dear! He is very much alive."

Perhaps the vision was going deeper, from her sight into her soul, reaching the ultimate penance of the final prayer asked of her by "Aquero."

"Suffering is so beautiful, so sweet, and above all so fruitful." "What folly to hide within oneself when our Lord asks us for our hand to nail it to the wood. Now the more I am crucified, the happier I will be." "I am like him."

So on one of her last days Bernadette had the pictures removed from her room which her sisters had put there as consolation for her; she only had the crucifix, held close to her heart. "This is all I need"; and she asked them to assist her with their prayers: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me a poor sinner."

The vision had reached the depth of her soul where Bernadette did not remember Lourdes, she did not know herself, she did not count on anything from the past. But she waited and prayed for her paradise which had quite certainly already begun when she said: "I would not know how to live a single moment without making it one for loving." Life was opening unto her, while according to the common and erroneous manner of speaking, she was dying. ●

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As announced in the October issue, Living City Magazine will be published monthly beginning January 1980. A subscription will consist of eleven issues for each calendar year.

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